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omen

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layout & editing

Josh Hilliard	Plays in the mud.
Serena Himmelfarb	Touches self inappropriately.
Amy Hoffman	Darts in front of traffic.
Jacob Lefton	Touches others inappropriately.
Molly McLeod	Doesn't share toys.
Stephen Morton	Hits others.
Michael Petersen	Colors in library books.

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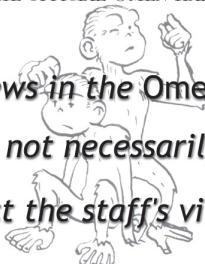
Andrew Flanagan

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



to submit

Submissions are due Saturdays before 5 p.m. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Jacob Lefton, Merrill B307, x4371. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to jwl04@hampshire.edu

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's barely updated website! omen.hampshire.edu

"A woman's place is on my face."

- Chris Sommer, on women

EDITORIAL FOR SOCIAL CHANGE

Editorial

by Jacob Lefton, Editor-in-Chief

I'm writing this two days after the community picnic on the lawn, and I want to say a few things about it. Right now it's after spring break. More than two weeks have gone by, and I hope the momentum and energy from that event hasn't gone away.

It was about time we had a good day outside, especially after a winter that was so difficult—not because of lots of snow and dreary weather, but because it was so damn wishy-washy and roller-coastered between really warm and really cold far too much. And then most of the campus collectively got sick that many are still getting over.

Whether or not you were at the picnic, you probably saw posters advertising for it, that said things like, "Only 150 people voted in the Community Council elections. It's time we had a talk." The first folks to show up on the lawn were those organizers, many of them from the Hampshire Union of Activists. There was some amount of chalking about problems at Hampshire.

Seeds of change have been sown, and they're starting to sprout. If you haven't noticed lately, you will soon. This year, we have a new college president. The Dean of the Students, Mike Ford, is retiring. Aaron Berman (F70), Dean of Faculty may be stepping down from his position. Josiah Litant, a staff member, is Chair of Community Council, and with him, Council is looking to become a viable body on campus that can speak for students (not as students though). They are trying to create more of a sense of community on campus.

We're up for reaccreditation in fall 2007, and we can use that to push our ideals of higher alternative education. Yet, we have this Division I plan that nobody can seem to agree on, and in the Educational Policy Committee, we've realize there needs to be a talk about what education at Hampshire means. After thirty-five years, we've somewhat lost our way.

Soon, Ralph will be initiating a dialogue with students about Hampshire's future; he's already brought the subject up with the Deans, EPC, and the faculty. He'll also be talking with staff, and hopefully bringing mixed groups of students, staff, faculty, and administrators to create vision and direction for Hampshire.

Unfortunately, Hampshire's problems are from a combination of poor design choices and several generations of abuse of and consolidation of power, not to mention the current political climate affecting the average professors and average students who decide to spend time here.

Right now, there is momentum, the ball is rolling toward change. It's definitely worth being excited about, because a lot of people here are putting a significant amount of energy into identify and try to solve our problems. But I want to caution you that significant change will not come easy, it will not come fast, and it will probably not be recognizable until we are all gone.

Change will likely alienate some people. Old wounds will have to be opened, and new ones made. It will be a slow and difficult process, scary at times, because it will depend on the entire community's willingness to take risks. That's something we haven't done in a while—I dare-say we really haven't taken any real risks that mattered since the college was first founded.

I don't intend this to be a sentence of doom and gloom over the whole process. I think it's really wonderful that people want to bring up issues of community and education. I've been working both with bottom-up and top-down initiatives to create stronger education and community opportunities since I got here, and it's really great to see that both the top and the bottom are working toward the same goal at the same time. It gives me hope that something will happen.

It is important, though, to know what we're getting into. We have to be willing to be in this for the long haul. We can't accept second-rate decisions, because if we do, we'll be in the same position as the First-Year plan, revisiting it five years later.



policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will not edit anything you write (except

spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no *Omen* staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Leadership Center at 6PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



Illegal

Number

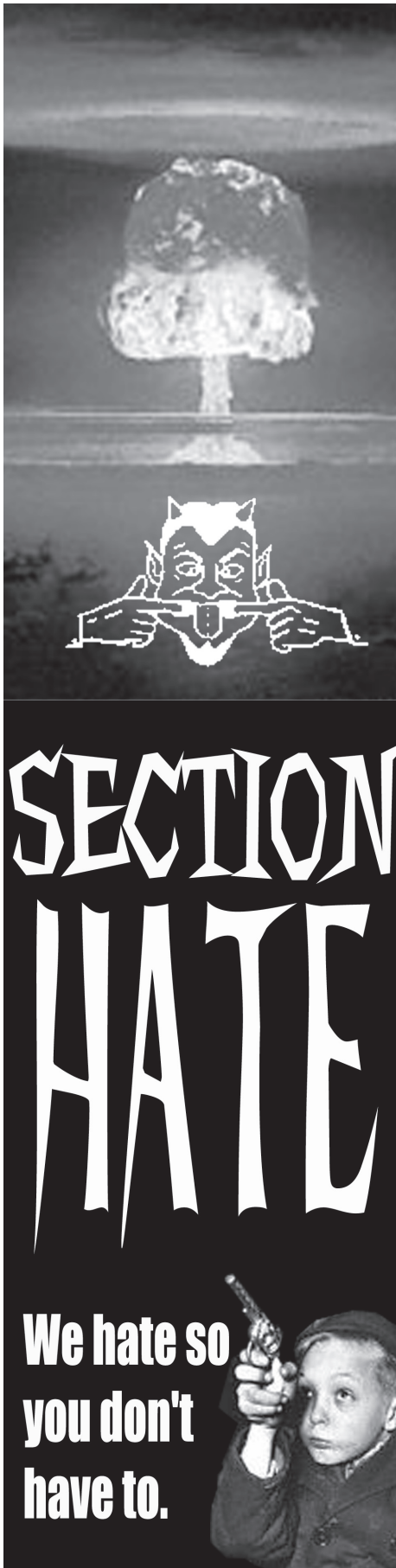
by Stephen Morton

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 86137 70744 20873 51357 92401 96520 73668
 69851 34010 47237 44696 87974 39926 11751
 09737 77701 02744 75280 49058 83138 40375
 49709 98790 96539 55227 01171 21570 25974
 66699 32402 26834 59661 96060 34851 74249
 77358 46851 88556 74570 25712 54749 99648
 21941 84655 71008 41190 86259 71694 79707
 99152 00486 67099 75923 59606 13207 25973
 79799 36188 60631 69144 73588 30024 53369
 72781 81391 47979 55513 39994 93948 82899
 84691 78361 00182 59789 01031 60196 18350
 34344 89568 70538 45208 53804 58424 15654
 82488 93338 04747 58711 28339 59896 85223
 25446 08408 97111 97712 76941 20795 86244
 05471 61321 00500 64598 20176 96177 18094
 78113 62200 27234 48272 24932 32595 47234
 68800 29277 76497 90614 81298 40428 34572
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 73292 48552 48991 22573 94665 48627 14048
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 44505 58346 28144 88335 63190 27253 19590
 43928 38737 64073 91689 12579 24055 01562
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 48019 28576 84519 88596 30532 38234 90558
 09203 29996 03234 47114 07760 19847 16353
 11617 13078 57608 48622 36370 28357 01049
 61259 56818 46785 96533 31007 70179 91614
 67447 25492 72833 48691 60006 47585 91746
 27812 12690 07351 83092 41530 10630 28932
 95665 84366 20008 00476 77896 79843 82090
 79761 98594 93646 30938 05863 36721 46969
 59750 27968 77120 57249 96666 98056 14533
 82074 12031 59337 70309 94915 27469 18356
 59376 21022 20068 12679 82734 45760 93802
 03044 79122 77498 09179 55938 38712 10005
 88766 68925 84487 00470 77255 24970 60444
 65212 71304 04321 18261 01035 91186 47666
 29638 58495 08744 84973 73476 86142 08805
 29443

Or, at least, it is in theory. If you decode it, it gives you a program, DeCSS, which bypasses the encryption on DVDs. This program is illegal, and the number, if you know what it is, leads you right to the program. The tricky part is, it's a large prime, and as such is listed on prime number websites all over the internet. Think about the lovely ramifications of this! The government can, hypothetically, prosecute science organizations for giving you a number. Don't you just love the Digital Millennium Copyright Act?

It's never been tested in court, and it's far too widespread at this point for anything to ever happen about it now, but it's interesting to think about. It's possible that under US law, that number is illegal. This article is in violation of the DMCA, and you probably shouldn't be reading it. Numbers are illegal! The government reviews the case, and decides, to be on the safe side, all prime numbers should be illegal. Goodbye 2, goodbye 3, goodbye 17. Of course, without primes, composite numbers don't have any divisors, and become prime. You ban all numbers which aren't 0 or 1, and then 0 becomes prime too. Only the number one remains. All numbers which aren't natural numbers remain. They're not eligible for primality. So you can have your -1, your pi, your ∞ .

Just stay away from 6899. That's a terrorist number.



Stop Smoking With My Help

[Payments Start at \$99.95 for Two Personal Conferences]

Hampshire was not quite what I expected when I first came here a few years back. Most of the surprises I probably should have expected (the laughably extreme leftist rhetoric and the terrible food at Saga come to mind) but one in particular still, to this day, makes me shake my head in wonder. Why do so many Hampshire students smoke? Not smoke the wacky tabacky mind you – I can understand that – but smoke cigarettes? It's a terrible thing to do.

It's also somewhat amusing that so many of these students that 'care about the environment' and want to 'tear down capitalism and the corporations' see no problem with this particular vice. But I digress. Why is smoking a bad idea? you ask. Read below.

Reasons Why Smoking is a Bad Idea

1) It stinks. It really smells bad – your breath stinks, your clothes, your car/ living space – really anything that is near you whenever you light up. It is not in any way a pleasant smell.

2) It stains your teeth. Do I really need to elaborate?

3) It costs a lot of money. What's an average pack of cigarettes cost these days? Five dollars or so? Let's say you smoke 2 packs a week (an entirely foreseeable amount) – that's already over 500 dollars a year. Wasted.

Oh yeah, I almost forgot:

4) IT KILLS YOU. IT GIVES YOU CANCER. AND IT ALSO DOES THESE THINGS TO EVERYONE ELSE WHO HAS TO BREATHE IN THE SMOKE.

With these things in mind, people

“What kind of dumb-ass idea (yeah you are definitely cool because of it, that's what I'm willing to bet) possessed you to begin smoking? It's not as if you can easily fall into it after all – it's inhaling smoke into your lungs, not exactly a normal human activity.

” still tell me: “but josh its not so easy to stop! u gotta understan that im addicted to it lol!!1” Well why did you even start in the first place? What kind of dumb-ass idea (yeah you are definitely cool because of it, that's what I'm willing to bet) possessed you to begin? It's not as if you can easily fall into it after all – it's inhaling smoke into your lungs, not exactly a normal human activity. You have to work to become acclimated to

it, and even remotely enjoy it, before you can become addicted. So grow a set of balls and stop smoking, like my grandfather did (he had the balls, as you will see – emulate him by stopping the smoking).

My grandfather on my mother's side smoked for years. I imagine he started when he was about 14 and was orphaned by his mother (a very unpleasant woman, from what I have heard; the orphaning may have been more of a running-away). He smoked for probably something like 40 years now, day in and day out. Sometime in the early 80's he was diagnosed with mouth cancer (surgery went well, he has not had trouble since). He stopped smoking the next day. No patch, no gum, no bullshit. This man threw aside an addiction of 40 years without a second thought, and hasn't smoked since. So I am willing to bet all the smokers we have here can find a way to break 'the terrible grip of addiction!'

In closing, if you really want to kill yourself, I can help you along for a much lower price than I assume your cigarettes are costing you. I'll take your money, same as cigarettes, charge even less cause I am such a nice guy (it only costs \$99.95 for 2 personal conferences in which we will discuss your position), and I'll slowly kill you too – you won't be missing a thing. It will work out great for both of us. This is what Hampshire is all about.



by IS Hilliard

2:1 My Ass!

by Michael Peterson

First things first, I just want to shamelessly plug my radio show on the Yurt. It's called Epsilon Minus and it's on Friday evenings from 10 PM to 1 AM. I'll be playing punk, indie, hardcore, metal, hip hop, and avant-garde music, so if that sounds like the kind of music that you enjoy then tune in. To get the stream, just use iTunes, go to the Advanced Tab and select Open Stream. Then type in <http://yurt.hampshire.edu:8000>. (Okay, enough with the shameless self-promoting whoring.)

Anyway, I was originally going to talk about the glories of watching a man fucked to death by a horse, but since the site that had the video up took it down and redirected to Last Measure, I decided to write about something else. Something somewhat serious for once, since I know that there are actually important people who actually bother to leaf through this shitrag on occasion.

I'm a final semester Division II student who will be filing for Division III sometime in the near future. I also decided on theme for my Division II at a fairly late date. (In case you were wondering, it is on the theme of alienation in literature and I finally decided upon without having taken a literature class here during my first three semesters.) Thus, as a result, I have really only taken a literature class from about four

different teachers at Hampshire, all of whom will be gone for either all of or most of next year and none of whom fit especially perfect with what I am planning on doing for my Division III. (My Division III will be a comparative paper on Halldor Laxness and Ngugi wa Thiong'o as postcolonial and Marxist authors, once again in case you were wondering.)

However, my main reason for bringing this up is because my Division III idea was inspired by a class with another teacher I took off campus and who I have really developed a good working relationship with and who has agreed to be on my committee. However, to my dismay, I found out that not only my chair have to be a Hampshire faculty member (a reasonable requirement, since this is, after all, Hampshire College), but that I had to have two Hampshire College faculty members before I could add a Five College professor. So not only do I have to approach one faculty member that I do not know in the slightest to commit to being my chair, I have to approach another faculty member who I probably wouldn't normally plan on working with (and, once again, do not know) just to get to work with the person I do know and who fits my proposal. Am I the only one who thinks this system is broken?

Luckily, I have heard there has been talk about changing the rules about committees, though it might come too late for me personally. However, I just wanted to add my voice in the mix and state how important it is that this problem be rectified in some fashion, whether it be through allowing Five College members to chair or co-chair or even just reducing the amount of Hampshire faculty members so that only your chair has to be from Hampshire. (Also, if this change does happen by next year, allowing people who had to form their committees under the old system to change their committees in accordance with the new rules would be nice too.)

(By the way, did I mention I saw a video of man being fucked to death by a horse?)



Haiku Corner

Sometimes I think you
resemble David Bowie—
it's not a big deal.

>> Sarah Weiss

Artist	Title	Album	
Capitalist Casualties	Dark Circle	1996-1999: Years In Ruin	0:40
Turning Point	Life Goes On	1988-1991 Discography	1:55
GZA	Cold World	Liquid Swords	5:31
Opeth	Silhouette	Orchid	3:08
Naked City	Fleurs Du Mal	Absinthe	4:09
Blitz	New Age	Blitz Hits	2:48
Requiem	Deliverance	Storm Heaven	2:25
Undying	Lay This Life Down	This Day All Gods Die [EP]	4:00
Fearless Iranians From Hell	Blow Up The Embassy	Fearless Iranians From Hell [EP]	2:14
Boredoms	Bocabola	Pop Tatari	3:55
Vennaskond	Le Nocturne Parisien	Subway	1:51
Suffocation	Pierced From Within	Pierced From Within	4:26
Public Enemy	Revolutionary Generation	Fear Of A Black Planet	5:43
Brujeria	La Migra (Cruza La Frontera II)	Raza Odiada	1:43
Merzbow	Swamp Metal (Agnihotra)	Merzbox Sampler	6:28
X	Sugarlight	Los Angeles / Wild Gift	2:25
Lifetime	Ampersand	The Seven Inches	4:25
Crucifix	No Limbs	Dehumanization	1:37
Megadeth	Sweating Bullets	Countdown To Extinction	5:06
Pansy Division	Deep Water	Deflowered	2:09
Organized Konfusion	Stray Bullet	Stress: The Extinction Agenda	3:42
The Fall	Couldn't Get Ahead	This Nation's Saving Grace	2:35
Neurosis	Ingrown	Pain Of Mind	2:24
The Proletariat	No Lesser Of Evils	Voodoo Economics & Other American Tragedies	2:20
Agoraphobic Nosebleed	Latter Day Mormon Ritual	Altered States Of America	0:19
Madvillain	Rainbows	Madvillainy	2:52
Conflict	Bullshit Broadcast	It's Time To See Who's Who	1:50
Social Unrest	Thinking Of Suicide	The Complete Studio Recordings, Vol. 1	1:46
The Ex	Black & White Statements	Tumult	4:39
Hüsker Dü	59 Times The Pain	New Day Rising	3:16
Paintbox	Music Color & Dream	Earth Ball Sports Tournament	6:18
Blackalicious	You Didn't Know That Though	Nia	4:35
Propagandhi	Iteration	Potemkin City Limits	5:20
Samiam	Ever Felt Avoided?	Samiam	2:19
Swing Kids	Situation On Mars	Discography	1:34
Severed Head Of State	Cloning Sheep	No Love Lost [EP]	3:43
Alcatraz	Bas Instincts	Ni Dieu, Ni Maitre...	2:09
Wire	Strange	Pink Flag	3:59

Nation Of Ulysses	Ulythium	13-Point Program To Destroy America	2:02
His Hero Is Gone	Professional Mindfuckers	Fifteen Counts Of Arson	2:07
Dillinger Escape Plan	When Good Dogs Do Bad Things	Irony Is A Dead Scene [EP]	6:01
Cripple Bastards	Jurisdictions	Desperately Insensitive	0:45
400 Blows	Mortar & Pestle	Black Rainbow	2:04
Homomilitia	Nic Wiecej Do Powiedzenia	Twoje Cialo - Twoj Wybor	3:14
Gore Beyond Necropsy	Grudge	Noise-A-Go-Go!!!	0:26
Agnostic Front	United & Strong	Victim In Pain	1:09
Aesop Rock	Bent Life	Labor Days	4:50
The Flying Luttenbachers	Splürge	Destroy All Music	5:27
UK Subs	The Same Thing	The Singles, 1978-1982	1:23
Zegota	Bike Song	Movement In The Music	4:01
John Zorn	Heike Cipher Mystery	Locus Solus	1:48
Citizen Fish	Criminal	Thirst	2:54
Mr. Lif	Live From The Plantation	I Phantom	3:59

THE OMEN SPECIAL COMMUNITY SPACE!

THIS SPACE IS FOR YOU TO HAVE AS MUCH COMMUNITY AS YOU LIKE. IF YOU HAVE COMMUNITY ANYWHERE ELSE, YOU WILL BE KICKED OUT OF SCHOOL AND FINED A MILLION BUCKS.

SURE, YOU COULD GO COMPLAIN AT SOME OFFICE ABOUT HOW MUCH INJUSTICE THERE IS IN THE WORLD AND HOW THIS REALLY ISN'T FAIR AND YOU SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO HAVE COMMUNITY ANYWHERE YOU WANT AND WE'RE KEEPING YOU DOWN AND WE'RE FASCIST, BUT DO YOU REALLY THINK ANYONE CARES?

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS THAT YOU SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO MEET ANYWHERE BECAUSE YOUR COMMUNITY IS CRAP ANYWAY, YOU OUGHT TO BE KEPT DOWN, AND YES, WE ARE FASCISTS. AND WE'RE DAMN PROUD OF IT.



PLUS, OUR FASCIST SHEEP
WILL EAT YOU IF YOU
WHINE ANY MORE.

PLACE
COMMUNITY
RATION
HERE

Why It's Really Dumb to rip down posters

(no really, I mean it)

by Serena Himmelfarb

I'm trying to decide about this title. There are so many things I could call this. "Why people who think they're saying something by leaving the shredded remains of my hard work on the floor for me to find in the morning should suck it", or, "Why people who take down posters with anger, conviction, and a glorious feeling of rebellion should really just get a life."

OK. I've ripped down plenty of posters. Hell, I rip down my own posters. But not until after the event has happened, and it's only to make some space for my new poster, or because it looks overcrowded and bad.

I've seen posters for things that make me think, "hmm, that looks like its going to be pretty boring." or "hmm, I have absolutely no interest in going to that whatsoever." I've never seen a poster and gone, "FUCK YOU! OH MY GOD! SHIT! I'M OFFENDED (hops on one foot) I CANT BELIEVE THIS IS IN MY HALL ON MY DORM IN MY BATHROOM THIS IS AWFULL..... WHY IS IT HERE?.... IT DOESNT APPLY TO ME."

I'm sure that a poster which would make me react this way exists. I'm sure it would say something like, "Sewing ears onto hoodies is the dumbest thing I've ever seen IN MY LIFE."

That's a poster I would rip down. Here's some of the posters that I've seen ripped down:

Want change? Go Vegan

Hampshire Circus

My poster about the dorm living rooms (I work in the living room from

8-1am, Th and Fri.)

These are all fairly innocuous posters. But it seems that someone was terribly offended that anyone would even suggest a way for them to change the world, be healthier, and stop injustices. Which just doesn't make sense to me. Because none of these posters were telling you to do something. Nope. They're there for you to read, or not read if you choose. They are asking for your attention. I don't think they were doing it because they felt the poster's message was too dogmatic and it said something they didn't agree with. There wasn't anything to disagree with on these posters.

In general, posters are not statements. Maybe statements will be made at the event the poster advertises, but generally the posters don't. For example, the fact that the Go Vegan poster got torn down a few times (and ripped into four pieces) particularly interested me. It seems like people's reactions the meat issue here at Hampshire are very predicable.

For the record, last week I ate three cheeseburgers in less than half an hour. I'm not a vegetarian. In my HACU class, Beef, we did Cabaret Voltaire style performances for each other on tuesday night. One group led the rest of the class around FPH on a tour of what is and isn't Beef, ending up in 108. There, they had put a cheeseburger on the table in front of every single seat. Twenty Five 99¢ McDonalds cheeseburgers. The tables were set up in a circle, and "all people who, for whatever reason, [were] opposed to eating these burgers" were to sit inside the circle on the floor. The carnivores

in the class later described a feeling of determination coming over them, which I experienced myself, wherein we ate many more cheeseburgers than we would have under normal circumstances.

Now, I would like to excuse this as us not wanting to waste food. We were defending our position. We wanted to show just how sure we were that eating meat was the thing we wanted to be doing.

Now that I think about it, my reaction was probably a little out of guilt. I mean, I know I shouldn't eat meat. I know that the way americans are consuming meat is causing an ecological nightmare, and I know that the way the animals are treated is disgusting. But, at the time I was seated in front of these cheeseburgers, looking at the vegans and vegetarians and 'ew I don't eat McDonalds' people in my class, I felt I had to eat those hamburgers. And I did. I ate 3 of them.

So why is this related to tearing down posters? Well, my guess is that whoever tore down the posters had a similar reaction just to seeing them. And that's why people who tear down posters are dumb. Because when you tear down a poster, that's all your doing. You aren't writing an article in the Omen about why a poster someone spent 2 hour drawing, copying and putting up so offended you that you had to take it down. You're just tearing down a poster. And that's dumb.



SECTION SPEAK

Community Picnic Inspires Community

There's one way to guarantee attendance at a college event: food. Pizza appears at Climax meetings, donuts at games night, and coffee during lectures. "Food for social change" seems to be an established principle of garnering student support. Thus the concept of an impromptu community picnic where you have to bring your own food first struck me as destined for failure.

I know I wouldn't have been hanging around outside on the library lawn last Saturday if I hadn't been enticed there by promises of captured flags and foam weaponry. To my surprise, around 1:00 people began congregating on the grass and enjoying the beginnings of springtime.

The ostensible purpose of this foodless "picnic" was to inspire conversation

revolving around the topics of community (and lack thereof) at this, our beloved institution, however that may be the one thing that did not happen the entire afternoon. Music performances provided the soundscape for the afternoon, continued by the booming broadcast from the Yurt.

There was ribbon dancing in one corner, and jump-roping in another. Several students broke out the chalk and decorated the pavement with messages and drawings, and the artistic expression continued with face (and in one case, nipple) painting. Frisbees were tossed, and four square was played. There was hula-hooping, talking, laughing, and general happiness.

Over the course of the gathering,
(Continued on next page)

by Amy Hoffman

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.



Tara Jacob and Michele Clark are just two of the smiling faces from the impromptu picnic on the library lawn on the first warm Saturday afternoon, March 11th.

>> Photos by Molly Mcleod <<

Tigers!

by Will Byler

Tigers are a very majestic type of animal. In recent years, their population has gone down quite a bit, even though they are protected. This is because of a couple of different reasons which I will explain in the following article about tigers.

Threats to tigers

One of the biggest threats to tigers is man himself. There are poachers out there who kill tigers just for their fur or any other despicable reason. Poachers are illegal hunters who kill endangered creatures and sell them in something called the black market which is a market that sells illegal fur and what-not to illegal buyers. Simply if laws were tougher on poaching, there would be a great deal of tigers left.

Another reason is people kill them just for fun. Maybe since they can be a dangerous animal, the thrill of the hunt is more exhilarating. Or maybe they are like any other animal and the people just like to see helpless animals die.

Yet another reason for the decline in tigers are those black markets. If they were found and shut down, there would be no place for those evil poachers to sell their "loot", and then there would be no point in hunting the tigers because there would be no money in it.

And yet another reason for the death of tigers are man's population keeps growing. Tigers have a very limited living space or territory. And if man continues to ignore the tiger's living space, they will soon have none at all. Tigers should have long open plains and jungles to eat, hunt, and drink in. But instead we have noisy highways, gas stations, and supermarkets. But then again there are places like in India or Africa where the very few tigers have just those perfect living conditions. Endless plains and hot and steamy jungles with deer and elk and rodents to hunt and eat. With fresh springs and peaceful sleeping places. And then there are the tigers who foolishly attack humans either because the feel

threatened, or because of some strange, freak reason. If the human has a gun or is either incredibly strong or lucky, he would win. Most likely in any other circumstances, the tiger would dominate with his fierce teeth and claws. Another one of the tigers arsenal of weapons are his thighs that are extremely powerful and enables him to jump and great lengths and launch his three hundred pound body at a defenseless and soon-to-be-dead enemy.

What we can do about not killing off these creatures

One of the simpler and yet seems to be the most obvious and more difficult ways to stop killing tigers is to simply stop! It sounds quick, simple, and easy, and yet it seems to be the hardest of all. If we stopped, the tigers would reproduce and live on. But since we are not following the rules and killing them, they are quickly dying out. It's sad that we can't just let a peaceful breed live.

Another way would be to stop the illegal market use which I have mentioned in the previous section.

And another way to help save tiger's lives is to give the tigers their share of land. We cannot be greedy in a time of danger and death of tigers. If we just shared then we would live in harmony and peace together.

Conclusion

I hope you have learned a lot of the dangers for tigers. I also hope that this has told you how bad a tigers life can be because of man, but then again there are a lot of people who are out there helping tigers live.



HAMPSHIRE COMMUNITY, CONT.

(From previous page)

different groups of students as well as different student groups cycled through the space. Present at different times were the Yellow Bike collective, Club Go, Slingshot, and Mythos (who sponsored Capture the Flag).

Admissions would have had an orgasm had they been able to utilize this extravaganza of student-initiated activity to exhibit the spirit of Hampshire. There has been recent concern about how the Hampshire community as a whole suffers

from problems of apathy regarding all areas of student, academic, and administrative life.

As a spontaneous occurrence organized and supported by the student body, the improvised picnic may be one step in the right direction. While there may not have been extensive deliberation of current issues, there was boffing. There was fun. There was, despite the lack of food, community.

HAMPSHIRE, HARVARD

ONLY DIFFERENT AFTER THE 'HA'



sion, one professor took the opportunity to inform her of a Japanese television show that quizzes contestants on one aspect of American history per episode. When Vowell offered to play the game at the lecture, adding that she would probably win on the subject of historic assassination sites, the professor looked doubtful and muttered something that sounded like, “we’ll see”.

Hampshire snobbiness and self-centredness, in my opinion, is nearly

“
My room at
Harvard is a two-
room double, plus
our own bathroom
”

as strong as it is here at Harvard, and probably at any other college, but it manifests itself differently. At Hampshire, it produces students who have the audacity to say “I’m a writer/artist” when asked what they study in school. At Harvard, it’s the ability to ponder whether you really want to become a CEO when you grow up, or if you should settle for a less-strenuous profession like the US ambassadorship to Fiji. It’s the type of school that has six squash courts and an Opera association in my residential house. It also has the type of student who would have the following exchange: “Are you going to the opera tonight?” “nah, the OC is on!” “Oh! Can I watch it with you?” It’s a mixed bunch.

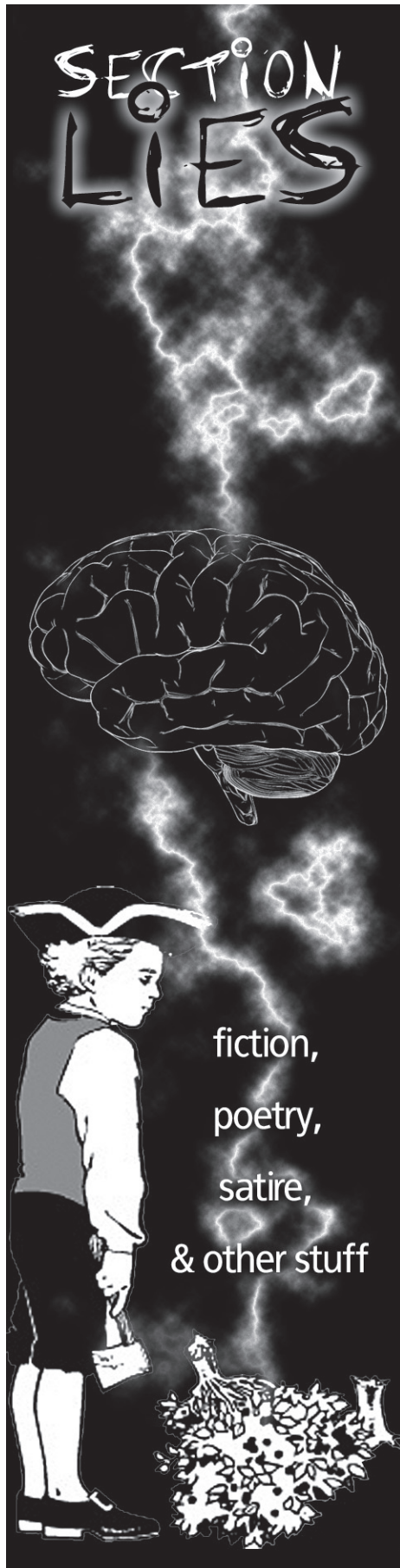
A particularly interesting element of said bunch has been a recent object of my fascination. My room at Harvard is a two-room double, plus our own bathroom (yes, I know, complain all you want but it’ll never happen at Hampshire). My room is next to the bathroom, and the far bathroom wall is the wall to a room in the next suite. If I leave the bathroom door open, I can hear every noise my neighbor makes. I still turn around and expect to see somebody in the bathroom from time to time. His cell phone ring? Used to be the theme from Rocky, now it’s the music that Fox plays during football games. He broke up with his girlfriend last week because she was mad at him for not telling her when his friend was cheating on her best friend, and he refused to apologize. It took them a few days to officially end it, because they had make up sex on day II of the stand-off at approx. 2:15 in the afternoon. She seems like a nice girl and deserves better. I don’t think there’s been a night this semester when he hasn’t known where a good party on campus was. This pattern of behavior didn’t make sense to me until I figured out that he’s on the football team, at which point he became a specimen of an alien species. Except for his ex-girlfriend’s loud sex squeals, I could listen to his goings on all day long, which is a good thing because I have no choice.



I was at a Sarah Vowell reading in Emerson Hall, sponsored by Harvard’s history and literature program, when it occurred to me that I had either discovered just how deep a uniquely Harvard attitude has burrowed itself in all members of the institution, or completely descended into some sort of paranoid dementia. The catalyst? I became very certain that Harvard audiences have their own distinctive laugh.

This is not to say that every Harvard community member laughs in the same way; it is a reflection on their group laughter. A Harvard laugh contains an air of approval from on high. I am more used to the laughter of appreciation and happiness, one that sounds a little bit more like letting go and a little less like an attempt to contain the academically fatal look of surprised laughter, a dead giveaway that you “didn’t see it coming.” At a reading of literary history, this, apparently, is a crucial skill. Who wants to admit that somebody who isn’t even a Harvard alum can be wittier than you, or know a tidbit about your subject that you didn’t know, after all?

During the question and answer ses-



fiction,
poetry,
satire,
& other stuff

by Tara Jacob

I wanna be a lost girl
Running wild through never-never land
Kissing mermaids
And jumping from treetops
Subsisting off twigs and animal fur
My glasses broken and vision blurred
bare feet calloused and cut
fingernails dirty and ragged
bruises spotted over my bare back

My bruises will be necessary for survival, you see
These bruises will be
Bruises I chose, bruises from the lithe movement of my small body
and not from a fist almost as big as my head

I want no parents
My shouts will be war-cries
Crying is not allowed in never-never land
Because tears will smudge your war-paint
when a lost girl cries
She is just a scared child with a dirty face
And a red mark on her cheek the shape of a hand
My hands
will dig up roots

Lost Girl

I want to jump into the saltless ocean
And get tangled in vines
Have a monkey that climbs
Onto my shoulder when I whistle
I want to sleep hung in a hammock
My dreams suspended
I want no one to love me and to
Love nothing
But fairy dust

Wendy can kiss my ass
And Tinkerbell too
Where are faires when you need them, anyway?
And girls who fly out of their bedroom windows at night make me jealous
Second star to the right and straight on til morning
It's not that easy
What if you don't got no window
What is you can't see no stars
Because you're hiding in the closet
And Hook is waiting on the other side of the door

I think I see now
I'm lost already



by Amy Hoffman

The most deadly case of Halitosis you will ever find
Comes from the dragon's maw.
Gaping wide and yawning
Just as the sun is dawning
He opens up his jaw.
Bearing fangs the size of trees and just as wide
The beast lets out a roar
That rivals water falling far,
Its smell a putrid scimitar
Plunged deep into the core
Of all men's senses, felling them all like flies
Poisoned by strong pesticide.
Every foul odor known licks
At the nostrils, then sticks
And clamps itself inside
With its razor-sharp stench incisors to do the dirty work.
The fumes attack and bite,
Olfactory atom bombs released,
Achieving the rank of masterpiece,
All to the dragon's delight.

Dragonsbreath



Title: If You Find Yourself In Power, Relinquish It.

by Abe Jenkins, Age 15

Once the the heathens the on the island of Cucamunga had dominated all life that couldn't fly or swim, they decided them to subject them to a merciless right of passage.

They made all the animals perform a limbo of which the donkeys sadly tragically, unthinkably failed. There were a small number of short eared mutation donkeys which survived the test.

But their numbers were so few that when they tried to repopulate the island they were hindered by the inherent genetic flaws as a result of their inbreeding.

Occasionally a long eared donkey would be born from the rapid mutation but for a reason they could not remember, they immediately killed and ate him which caused further genetic mutations, the new short eared donkeys evolved into super donkeys and soon dominated all life on the island and stole the proverbial seat of power away from the heathen humans.

They deiced to subject all life which couldn't fly or swim to some rights of passage. and so the story begins again...



The Omen would like to point out that out of three hundred copies of the top picture (the donkey), asking three hundred times for creative stories, the only one we were given was by a fifteen year old boy from the North Star alternative high school. Shame on all the rest of you. Seems one high schooler is more reliable and creative than an entire college of intellectual, sophisticated, pot smoking hippies.

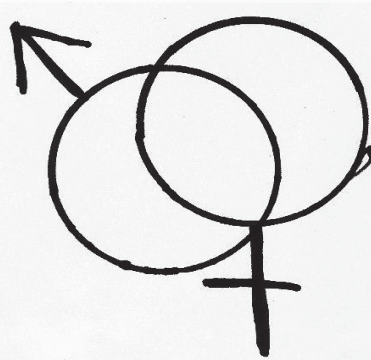
Lets blame it on the lack of community, and ignore the drugs, because they like don't kill our creativity or brain cells or contribute to apathy or anything like that at all, ok?



>>Photo by Kelsey Freeman



North Star
Sex Ed
Fridays 8pm
w/Billy



Julia & I

It's hard to hold your body cocked,
For his camera, muscles tangled we shake

Against the weight of our hips, still-
-shots miss those shivers, as they flash

Her wolf eyes at the spectators, my bush
Their curiosity, they've not come to see my face.

The ringmaster tells my to spread
My legs wider, arch my back

For the audience, I can hear the carnival music
Chime through the curtains,

The barker beckoning with fat fingers,
They are blown in with the wind.

He speaks to us like children, as the shutters
Click, his hissing whispers brush against our cheeks

Sour breath singing lullabies
"That's it baby, good honey, hold still"

As the squat faced regulars stroll by
Reaching out to pinch our skin.



I Could Never Get the Hang of Thursdays:

*A fortnightly column by Douglas Adams**

Yet another Thursday. I've realized that I've almost started dreading fortnightly Thursdays as of late, because it means that it's time for me to write another column, whether or not I actually have anything to say. Which is the case of this week's column: I don't really have one particular subject to discuss for your enjoyment (or lackthereof) this week, so instead, I'm just going to discuss a few strange things I've been thinking about for the past two weeks.

It seems to me that everyone in this beloved college community has been sick these past two weeks. I would like to applaud the collective immune systems of the students on this campus for their camaraderie; it's a very nice gesture, showing your immune system brethren

that you support them by failing in the same manner yourself. You're clearly a very united group of blood cells, and I just want to let you know that you've proven your point. Any illness that was thinking about just taking one of you on will certainly think twice next time. At this point in time, though, it would be especially considerate of you to relinquish your death-grasp on the bodies of your hosts. I'm sure the students whose bodies you inhabit would very much like to be healthy again, so they can continue thinking very hard about starting the vast amount of work that is due before they are released for spring break.

Sadly, that's really all I have to say for this week. This column was due in three days ago, and if I don't hand it

in now, my editor will have my head on a stick. I'd very much like to promise that next week I'll go back to writing lengthy articles about nothing in particular, but being a professional writer procrastinator, I realize that's a rather unfair promise to make. I do hope that all of you who are ill recover soon. And please remember to wish me a happy belated birthday, as I turned 54 on March 11th.

*The spirit of Douglas Adams is channeled by Rachel Rakov. Her immune system failed her this week, leaving her with little stamina and an inability to communicate with Mr. Adams for a long enough time to produce a lengthy article.

